

# Lavender's Lament

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Summary: Lavender Phiggs is just an ordinary girl who pays the rent. But when she meets the Chief's son, her world is thrown upside down! Follow along with Lavender and Hiccup to see what life throws at them, and its not just banana cream pies... Rated T for Romance, Adult themes, and language. HiccupXOC

## Lavender's Lament

### Chapter 1

**\*\*Lavender's Lament\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 1: Theories\*\***

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><p>I wiped the sweat from my brow as I cranked the lever that made the meat turn, cooking it evenly. The Great Hall was starting to fill up quickly. Taking the meat off the racks, I cut into a few of them to make sure they were done. Gibli, the elderly woman that's in charge of the kitchen, sent me out to serve the meat. Many vikings eyed my hungrily as I stepped out into the Great Hall with the platter that was overflowing with meat. Soon I was flocked with hungry vikings trying to get my attention. All too soon, the platter was empty. I've been working in the Great Hall's kitchen for about six months now, every Thursday night it was like this. I have no idea why though, it just is.<p>

\_We really should hire more servers...\_ I thought, my arms growing tired from carrying the heavy platters back and forth. It was four or fives runs to the kitchen later that everyone had been served at least once. \_Once.\_ Its amazing how the village hasn't run out of food yet. But the next thing I knew, everyone was chanting for seconds. Exhausted, I plopped down in an old rickety stool and massaged my aching arms.

"What do ya think yer doin'?" Gibli asked, hurriedly dumping a pot of potatoes into a big wooden strainer to fill up the empty container labeled 'Taters'.

"N-nothing." I said, getting up from the stool quickly, picking up another tray of meat, and heading out onto the floor once again. About a half hour and ten platters later, things started to calm down. I sat down at the old table in the back of the kitchen and stripped myself of my worn gloves, my hands damp with sweat. Gibli sat down opposite of me a moment later, sliding a plate of food over to me.

"To taters." Gibli said, holding up a cup of ale. A bit of it sloshing onto the table.

"To taters." I chuckled, holding my glass up as well and we drank. A bit later we had finished our dinner and the Great Hall only held stragglers who were either telling jokes or trying to keep their wasted selves upright. I went back out once again to collect empty plates and cups. I set the platter down on one end of a table and circled it to collect the plates. About halfway through the third table, someone stopped me.

"E-excuse me? Lady?"

I turned around to see a scrawny boy holding his hand up to catch my attention. "Yeah?" I asked, approaching him quickly. When I had gotten close enough to him, I could see that he was around my age. Seventeen or so.

"...Need any help?" he asked timidly, as if he would say something to upset me and my independence or something. I smiled, chuckling a bit.

"No, thank you though!" I said, finding his timidity adorable. He bit his bottom lip a bit and looked back down towards his book. As I walked away, I narrowed my eyes at the fact that there was no plate in front of him. Quickly, I turned back to collecting plates. I was done about an hour later, the Great Hall being so...Great and all. I placed the last platter full of dishes on the counter and Gibli thanked me as she finished up the last of the dishes. She rinsed, I dried and put them away. When I was done, I took off my dirty apron and the cloth that I had used to pull my long hair back out of my face. Sighing, I smoothed out my red tunic and fixed the braid that reached my waist that had come slightly undone during my busy night.

"Wipe down the counters, see ya next Thursday. Bye Lavender." Gibli said, trying to leave as fast as she could.

"Bye Gibli." I said even though she couldn't hear me. I peered out of the little service window to see if anyone was still here. I found that all the drunks and stragglers had gone home. All except one that is. Meshing my lips together in thought, I grabbed a clean plate and took off one of the legs of meat from the rack that Gibli had put on just in case. Quickly pouring some ale, I headed out.

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><p>I stroked my piece of charcoal across the paper, drawing the long curve of a wing. Soon I got lost in the picture, drawing strokes absently. I was snapped out of my haze when my stomach let out a tremendous growl. Dropping the piece of charcoal, I ran a hand through my hair. By the time that waitress had gotten to my table, everybody at the head of it grabbed all the food before I had even got the chance to grasp the situation.<p>

"Erm..."

I snapped my head up in alarm, not knowing someone had come up to me. It was that girl from earlier. "Hey." I said, closing my sketchbook.

"Hi...Um..." she bit her lower lip for a moment before continuing. "I noticed you didn't have a plate earlier, I thought you might be hungry then?" she said, holding out the plate of food that smelled heavenly, by the way.

"Yes, Please! Thank you." I said, grabbing the plate eagerly. I dug in as soon as the plate hit the table.

"Here, this is yours too." she giggled, sliding over a mug of ale from her seat across from me.

"Fanks." I said, my mouth bursting with food. I soon felt my cheeks grow hot as some fell out. I set down the leg of meat and took a moment to hastily swallow. Taking a chance, I looked up at her with my surely red face.

"Well that was...Attractive..." she said, covering her mouth to hide her smile.

"More like embarrassing..." I said before taking a drink of the ale, clearing the lump in my throat. "So, um...What's your name?" I asked.

"Lavender. Lavender Phiggs." she said, resting her arms on the table. "And yours?"

"Hiccup. Hiccup Haddock." I said, mocking her superior tone.

"Why, what a lovely name!" she said, shining brightly. I couldn't tell if she was being sincere or sarcastic though. I took a last bite of meat before placing the bone on the place and pushing it away.

Suddenly feeling confident in myself, I blew a raspberry at her. "Whatever you say Piglet." I said into my mug as I took a drink.

"Of course Gorge." she said, causing me to choke on my drink.

Composing myself, I set down the mug. "And I'll have you know, I hardly ever eat like that!"

She let out a small giggle and began to fiddle with her think braid. Swallowing another drink, I took a moment to actually look at her. Lavender was slightly tan with brown hair. Lavender looked back up at me with her big eyes, they were a deep blue.

For what felt like hours, we sat at that table and talked like old friends. I told her about my friends and she told me about her home life. All in all, she was a typical person. "I really don't have that many friends." she admitted.

"Really? Why?" I asked, and then peered into the empty mug that I had finished long ago.

"I do so many odd jobs in the village just to pay rent, I guess I never really had the time."

"You pay rent?"

"Everyone pays rent Hiccup, otherwise everyone would be homeless!" she laughed. "Want some more ale?" Lavender tipped her head to one said and raised her eyebrows. I debated for a moment. I was having fun talking with this girl I had only known for a few hours, but Toothless was probably looking for me by now. My original plan being to eat a meal and leave.

"I should get going, Tooth-I mean, my dragon's probably hungry by now...Sorry." I said.

Her face dropped. "Oh...Well, OK then. It was fun talking to you Hiccup, I had a nice time." she smiled sweetly at me before taking my dishes and heading back to the kitchen. I watched her leave, when all of the sudden, a thought occurred to me.

"Lavender!" I yelled, getting up while only tripping the tiniest bit and walking up to her. She stopped in the middle of the isle, waiting for me to catch up to her.

"Hm?"

"We, uh, we should do this again sometime." I said, rubbing the back of my head. Lavender bit the inside of her lip before answering.  
\_Cute... \_

"That would be nice." she said, rocking back on her heels. She set the dishes down and leaned on a table. Lavender cleared her throat. "So Babe," she said in a deep voice, wiping her nose. "I'll pick you up 'round eight."

My eyes bulged. "N-no! I-I was just-" I stuttered, waving my hands in front of me. Lavender cut me off with her laughter.

"Kidding! I was kidding!" she said between laughs. I was dumbfounded. Here she is, the only girl I've met to openly flirt with me. Or was it more like teasing? At least she hasn't punched me...yet...

I laughed, my face growing hot. "I'll see you tomorrow?"

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><p>I nodded quickly, slightly unnerved by the fact that he wanted to see me again. "I'll meet you here?"<p>

"Y-yeah. Noonish." he said.

Not knowing what else to say, I reached out and shook his hand. "Nice work there...Champ. See ya." I said awkwardly, picking the dishes up and walking into the kitchen.

"See ya..." I heard him say right before I dumped his dishes in the sink, quickly rinsing them off and putting them away. After I heard the muted sounds of the large wooden doors to the Great Hall thunk close, I grabbed my dirty apron and jogged out the back door into the night. My heart alight with joy. I had actually made a friend.

When I had arrived home, I slid out of my boots and stripped myself of my grimy pants and threw them and the apron into the sink to soak. My red tunic was long enough to cover the important parts, coming down to my mid-thigh. I took the braid out of my hair and rung the apron out before going to bed.

I climbed into bed and pulled the thick covers over me, my mind racing of what was going to happen tomorrow.

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><p><strong>Chapter 1: End<strong>

End  
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